

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

"Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it."—ISAIAH.

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ETERNAL PROGRESS.

BY ELDER ADOLPHUS H. NOON.

Eternal progress are the words we behold imprinted on the works of nature, in the history of man, and in the revelations of the Most High. We see it illustrated by the facts around us, and history and revelation prove it. We read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The earth was a chaos, confusion and darkness reigned supreme; but mark earth's progress: God said, "Let there be light," and there was light; he commanded order, and order reigned—the sinking waters revealed the swelling land, continents and islands were bared to view; the workings and upheavings and the settling down of nature formed shores and strata; mountains arose and valleys were formed; there were wondrous sediments and strange deposits to form the basis of future ores and mines. Simple vitality became united to matter in forms of organized

being, of animated structure; mighty ferns grew from steaming morasses and new forms of vegetation succeeded each other in endless progress. Animated nature alike progressed from mollusk, fish, gigantic reptiles, strange mammalia, the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaur, and a thousand other creatures with strange-sounding names. Earth, in its stage of progress, had at last become fit for the habitation of man; it was prepared for him, and he came to take possession.

Though nations have progressed in power and in the arts and sciences and have then decayed again—though the child becomes the vigorous man and sometimes, in dotage, old age comes as the child once more—the main currents of history and life point out the law of eternal progress. The barbarous savage becomes civilized, and again still more civilized, the naked, wood-stained savage, the ancestor of a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Washington, and even of the

phets and of Priests of the Most High.

Man gradually learns the principles of government, order, harmony and beauty, so that ultimately principalities and power, wisdom, might and knowledge await the being or beings that are faithful to the laws they are appointed to observe to obtain their exaltation; and the earth itself must progress and progress, until celestialized and rendered fit for the habitation of the Gods.

Gazing on futurity, the subject rises beyond our vision, and we cannot behold all the glories of eternity. But as well as progression, there is retrogression. When we cease to advance we soon begin to retrograde; and beholding how nations, at one time powerful and majestic, fall and sink to rise no more, when they forsake the

principles of virtue; and seeing, also, how individuals, though at one time loved and respected, when they fall into sin become miserable and debased, what manner of men, then, ought we to be?

We can know well our duties—we can in part taste the joys of heaven and behold the Paradise of God. We should cleave to the principles of light and truth, for we may rest assured that in them alone can be found true happiness. Whilst sorrow and wretchedness await those who walk in the paths of sin, may we, then, by faithfulness and our progress in the practice and knowledge of virtue, and the principles of scientific truth, fit ourselves for the eternal possession of happiness, wisdom and power, in the society of the good and holy, and in the presence of the Great Supreme.

HISTORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(Continued from page 825.)

HISTORY OF LUKE JOHNSON. [BY HIMSELF.]

"My grandfather, Israel Johnson, lived in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and was much respected by his neighbors for his honesty, integrity and industry.

My father, John Johnson, was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, April 11, 1779. He followed the occupation of farming on a large scale, and was noted for paying his debts and living independently. He moved from Pomfret, Vermont, to Hiram, Portage co., Ohio. He was connected with the Methodist church for about four or five years previous to receiving the Gospel.

Soon after Joseph Smith moved from the State of New York, my father, mother and Ezra Booth, a Methodist minister, went to Kirtland to investigate 'Mormonism.' My mother had been laboring under an attack of chronic rheumatism in the shoulder, so that she could not raise her hand to her head for about two

years; the Prophet laid hands upon her, and she was healed immediately.

My father was satisfied in regard to the truth of 'Mormonism,' and was baptized by Joseph Smith, jun., in the winter of 1830-1, and furnished him and his family a home, while he translated a portion of the Bible.

In the fall of 1831, while Joseph was yet at my father's, a mob of forty or fifty came to his house, a few entered his room in the middle of the night, and Carnot Mason dragged Joseph out of bed by the hair of his head; he was then seized by as many as could get hold of him, and taken about forty rods from the house, stretched on a board, and tantalized in the most insulting and brutal manner; they tore off the few night clothes that he had on, for the purpose of emasculating him, and had Dr. Dennison there to perform the operation; but when the Dr. saw the Prophet stripped and stretched on the plank, his heart failed him, and he refused to operate. The mob then scratched his body all over, saying, 'Damn you, this is the way the Holy

'Ghost falls upon you.' And in attempting to force open his jaws, they broke one of his front teeth to pour a vial of some obnoxious drug into his mouth.

The mob became divided, and did not succeed, but poured tar over him, and then stuck feathers in it and left him, and went to an old brickyard to wash themselves and bury their filthy clothes. At this place a vial was dropped, the contents of which ran out and killed the grass. About the same time part of the mob went to the house that Sidney Rigdon occupied, and dragged him out, and besmeared him with tar and feathers. My father, hearing the outcry of the family, went to the door, but finding it held by some one on the outside, he called for his gun, when those who held the door left; he pursued, and was knocked down; his collar bone was broken; he was taken back to the house, and hands laid upon him by David Whitmer, and immediately healed. A few minutes after this accident, we heard the voice of Joseph calling for a blanket; some person handed him one, and he came in, the tar trickling down his face; his wife was very much alarmed, supposing it to be blood, until he came near enough to see that it was tar. My mother got some lard, and rubbed it upon him to get the tar off, which they succeeded in removing.

Waste, who was the strongest man on the Western Reserve, had boasted that he could take Joseph out alone. At the time they were taking him out of the house, Waste had hold of one foot, Joseph drew up his leg and gave him a kick, which sent him sprawling in the street. He afterwards said that the Prophet was the most powerful man he ever had hold of in his life.

Soon after this persecution, Mason had an attack of the spinal affection. Fullars, one of the mobocrats, died of the cholera in Cleveland, Dr. Dennison was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and died before the term expired.

My father moved to Kirtland, and was ordained to the office of High Priest, and was a member of the first High Council organized in the Church. He died in Kirtland in 1843.)

I was born in Pomfret, Windsor co., Vermont, November 3, 1807. In early life I assisted my father in farming, and remained with him until I received the Gospel, and was baptized by Joseph Smith, May 10, 1831. Soon thereafter I was ordained a Priest by Christian Whitmer, and performed a mission to the southern part of Ohio, in company with Robert Rathburn, where we baptized several and organized a Branch in Chippewa.

In company with Sidney Rigdon I went on a mission to New Portage, where we baptized about fifty or sixty, and organized a Branch; from thence we journeyed to Pittsburg, (in the vicinity where Sidney was born and raised) where we preached the Gospel to his relatives, and I baptized his mother and his oldest brother, also several others in that neighborhood, and we organized a Branch.

At a Conference in Orange, Cuyahoga co., Ohio, I was ordained a High Priest by Joseph Smith. At this Conference the eleven witnesses to the Book of Mormon, with uplifted hands, bore their solemn testimony to the truth of that book, as did also the Prophet Joseph.

In January 1832, I was appointed by revelation, in company with W. E. McLellan, to go on a mission south. We preached several times, and, arriving at Middlebury, Portage co., brother McLellan got a situation behind a counter to sell tapes, &c., and I, preferring not to proceed alone, returned to the town of Hiram, and the Prophet appointed Seymour Brunson in his stead, with whom I travelled through Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. We baptized over one hundred persons, and organized a Branch in Lawrence co., Ohio, and another in Cabal co., Virginia, and returned to Hiram. X

Dec. 28, 1832, in company with Hazen Aldrich I started and resumed my mission to the south country. On the 31st, at Worcester, we baptized two.

Jan. 19, 1833, preached in Charleston, Jackson co., where I baptized several of the Stoker family. On the 27th, met brother Zerubbabel Snow, and baptized one. We visited the Branches, preached and set the

Churches in order as we journeyed along. Feb. 24, returned to Hiram, and assisted my father on his farm during the summer.

In the Fall of 1833, I visited the Branches raised up in Lawrence co., Ohio, and preached and baptized in that vicinity.

Nov. 1st, I married Susan Harmina Poteet, in Cabal co, Virginia.

Feb. 17, 1834, at the organization of the first High Council, which was in Kirtland, I was chosen a member.

In May I started with Zion's Camp for Missouri, on which journey I acted as pioneer, and went before the Camp—marked the signs of the times and the situation of our enemies. † Having made a declaration before I started

that I would go into Jackson co., or die in the attempt, in company with my brother Lyman and others I procured a boat, and rowed over the Mo. river and landed in Jackson co., where we discharged three rounds of our small arms, and immediately got into the boat, and with all our energies rowed back. Meanwhile the mob in Jackson co. lined the shore, and commenced firing upon us, their balls skimming the waters near us. After landing I returned fire and shot across the Mo. river.

I returned to Kirtland in Captain Heber C. Kimball's company, and received my blessing in common with the members of Zion's Camp."

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE YEAR 1864.

As this number closes the twenty-sixth volume of the MILLENNIAL STAR, it may not be inappropriate for us to take a brief retrospective view of the fast, evanescent, ever-fleeting present, as well as the ever-glowing future, which is always fraught with ardent hopes and aspirations unfulfilled, yet in the anticipated fruition of which we bathe as we pass along in life's dull stream.

The year eighteen hundred and sixty-four—how full of incidents to the world, of doubt, perplexity, casualty to life and property on sea and land; in this land, of poverty and distress and pestilence, and in America of unremitting war which has incessantly raged in its wildest fury, and would seem, through the almost unanimous re-election of Mr. Lincoln, has a renewal of its lease to an indefinite, if not an interminable future. To the nations of the earth the past year is a record of blood and tempest, and gloomy forebodings and destruction; yet we know it is but the beginning of sorrows which will continue to increase and spread abroad until all nations shall feel the avenging hand of Almighty God, for behold "their cup of iniquity is filled," and the

"hour of His judgment is come." The groaning cries of anguish, of suffering, of distress, of sorrow and oppression, for

"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn," have reached the ears of the Lord, unto whom belongeth vengeance, and He will surely repay. He will surely break the iron bands of the wicked nations which have so long enchained the world in human bondage. We turn to a more pleasing portion of the grand scenery which, like a panoramic view, is passing in these momentous days before the eyes of all people, but, judging from their heedlessness, is apparently seen by only a proportionate few.

Thousands can date from 1864 their deliverance from old, noisy, crumbling, groaning Babylon, and are basking beneath the shadowy wings of freedom, where the servants of the Lord have led them to a shelter amid the deep fastnesses of the rocky canyons and the mountain dells, where, being guided by the living oracles of Divine wisdom, they can be clothed upon by the power of God, which will be as a munition of rocks around them, to save, shelter and protect, until his indignation be overpast. Although difficulties at times have threatened to disturb the equanimity of the Saints in Zion during the past year, yet through the blessing of the Lord upon the efforts and wise policy of his servants, any interruption of their peace, quiet and prosperity has been avoided; and notwithstanding the most assiduous and insidious efforts of the Enemy to instil corrupting influences which so favorably obtain in other parts of the world, and, indeed, form some of their chief characteristics, to flood them under by the filth, scum and rakings and offscourings of a transient and reckless population, in the shape of discharged soldiery and passing overland emigration to the mining districts, and by endeavoring, under the patronage of the General Government, to discover and develop mining interests in the very midst of the Saints, thereby affording an inducement for this heterogeneous mass and pernicious class of society to stay in their midst and overrun them, and gain sufficient power to introduce all those detestable ornaments which so eminently characterize civilized Christian communities, known as whoredoms, houses of bad repute, gambling hells, drunkenness, profanity, and thereby trample into the dust every holy and righteous principle, and to stir up strife and contention, and to cause the people to swerve from their integrity to their God and his servants, and seduce, ensnare and lead astray, into bye and forbidden paths, the weak and unsuspecting, and also to provoke a quarrel, if possible, between the leaders and the Government; but, in all of these, and many other plans and machinations against the peace, welfare and prosperity of the Saints in Utah, the enemy has signally, hopelessly failed, having been thwarted, frustrated and baffled in all their wicked plans and devices, and the Saints, with the servants of God at their head, have nobly withstood and beat back this maelstrom of iniquity and ravings of hell which the Enemy of all righteousness has spued out of his mouth, and endeavored to stir up against them. Such assailments are far more dangerous and difficult to withstand and contend against, than are the attacks of the open foe, because they always come under the mantle of friendship in the garb of hypocrisy, being "ravening wolves in sheep's clothing," requiring the gift of the discernment of spirits to detect them and their fell purposes, so hidden are they in their enticing sophistry and vain philosophy. We thank God that the victory is still with his servants—with his holy and eternal Priesthood, which he has esta-

blished upon the earth—and his Saints, for they have continued to increase and spread abroad and extend their settlements, and to cultivate the earth and to gather and bring forth from the surrounding elements for their sustenance, comfort and happiness, and to build up and to strengthen and gain power and influence before God and man in the heavens and upon the earth, for which and all his manifold mercies and blessings unto his people, let us ascribe all the praise, the honor and the glory unto his holy name forever.

While the blessings of the Lord have been so abundantly manifested in Zion, yet have we, who are scattered abroad in the midst of the world, not been left without the signal blessing of Him who heareth even the raven's cry, and who hath said to his shepherds "feed my lambs." No faithful Saint who has read the contents of this volume, no matter what may have been their penury, want, or other painful circumstances in life, but what has felt a glow of comfort, and for a time, at least, being filled with food for the soul, forgotten their forbidding and miserable surroundings, but which has, nevertheless, served to strengthen them to renewed activity in battling against the widespread evils which attend them on every side.

We feel, therefore, that our labors have not been in vain, inasmuch as even one hungry soul has been fed through our instrumentality with the bread of life, or been the cause of bringing one thirsty soul to the fountain of living waters, or induced a single sinner to that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. If such shall be found to be the case, then are we paid for our labors, and trust that that which is good may continue to spread, widen and extend its influence, and that which is not good may speedily perish and be forgotten. So shall our hearts, in most and best aspirations, be gratified that only that which is good shall flow from our efforts, and be instrumental of conveying joy and peace and salvation unto the souls of men. And may not many of the Elders of Israel date from the fading year an era in their own lives never to be forgotten? Have they not also gone forth with a renewed determination, zeal and spirit, bearing precious seed as messengers of salvation to a dying world? Have they not had the inexpressible happiness of imparting unto the down-trodden masses words of life, eternal life? Have they not received another and more potent and abiding impulse, an additional evidence and greater degree of faith and assurance and testimony in the glorious cause which we have espoused, and been thereby comforted and encouraged, and thus qualified to extend their fields of usefulness and influence in winning souls to Christ.

While, therefore, the falling leaf, the withered verdure and hoary frost—betokening, as they do, the dying year—remind us that we also are passing away, and in some not very far distant future will be called to mingle our dust with the clods of the valley, let us remember that to be prepared to meet this great change is to be prepared to live as man should live, walking in uprightness before Him whose eye searches out our secret ways, and makes manifest our inmost thoughts. Remember that he only is prepared to die who is prepared to live, for he who honors not the life that now is, honors not God neither his own being—nor Him who sent him forth to take his trial in this earthly probation. Live, then, O ye Elders of Israel, as men of God, that you may be found worthy in that day when He shall make up his jewels, to participate in that exaltation and glory which shall be revealed, and which endures when the transient and fleeting cares, turmoils, strifes and warfare of human annoy-

ances, troubles and afflictions and existences are accomplished; and having honored our lives, our spirits and our tabernacles here, they shall again be reunited and become partakers of honor, power, life and glory, which is imperishable in the presence of God and the Lamb, unto whom be praise, honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

NEWS FROM HOME.

From the *Deseret News*, November 10th, we clip the following:—

THE SOUTHERN MISSIONARIES.—A meeting of the brethren called to go to southern Utah, was held last week, at which it was decided to make two new settlements between St. George and the Colorado, and one at the most suitable point for a warehouse to receive merchandise. This, of course will be at, or near the head waters of navigation. Thomas S. Smith and Henry W. Miller of Farmington were appointed to superintend the making of the two settlements above named, and Anson Call to select a site for a warehouse. Brother Call named the 28th of the present month for meeting his company at St. George. Communications were read in reference to freighting up the Colorado river, and also the minutes of two meetings of the Deseret Merchantile Association.

THE CANAL.—At the Bishop's meeting on Thursday evening last a committee of eleven was appointed to draw up the necessary papers for the permanent organization of the canal company, preparatory to the thorough prosecution of the Work. We have reason to believe that the committee will submit a petition to the Legislature, asking for the passage of an act to incorporate the company.

MEAT MARKET.—The Mayor and City Council have extended the market house 70 feet toward the east, and on the 14th inst., Messrs. Rosenbaum and Newman, who occupy 30 feet next East Temple Street, admitted the public to a display of meats that would be highly creditable in older and more populous cities. Beef, mutton, veal and pork, excellent in quality and neatly dressed, hung in profusion from floor to ceiling, ornamented with rosettes, fillets of suet, and garlands of sausages, while the oak and marble-grained block and counter and all else pertaining to the establishment, evidenced that the proprietors intend to meet the wants and tastes of the most epicurean and fastidious. Hundreds upon hundreds feasted their eyes upon the display on Monday, regaled the while by music from Prof. C. J. Thomas' Band, and on Tuesday the meats, etc., were put on sale.

CITY IMPROVEMENT.—The grand, curbed and paved water ditches and crossings are adding much to the appearance of East and First South Temple Street, and we trust the City authorities and Bishop Sheets will continue the good work as fast as funds for that purpose will permit, until at least the principle streets and water courses are improved in a style at once so beautifying, cleanly and water-saving.

VARIETIES.

A Loving spirit, in order to feel a joy himself, readily discerns the little joys of the poor; a malignant heart spies out their miseries, not to lessen their amount, but that he may grumble at the rich.

Nothing casts a denser cloud over the mind than discontent, rendering it more occupied about the evil that disquiets it than the means of removing it.

The lady's maid of a fashionable marchioness, whose style of dress far exceeds that of her mistress, having occasion to write an order to a perfumer last week, actually requested him to send a dozen bottles of "O Dick Alone."

A man's own fire of genius may reduce him to ashes, as a person that is electrified can kill himself with his own lightning.

Never chide your husband before company, nor prattle abroad of mishaps at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up before than after it has taken air.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.—Every day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it: and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after; but none ever the same.

POETRY.

THE TONGUE,

Blame not the tongue for mischief, in itself
It morns not till 'tis stirr'd by passion, as
Revenge, or hope, or love as it may be.
It fears not then to tell, when wrung within
The nature of the cause which roused the sense.
True, if displeasing, 'twill, at times say that
Which were much better kept within the breast;
But then to blame the tongue for this is wrong;
The tongue is not the master—thou shouldst rule,
It should not speak till thou hast giv'n consent.
A keen two edged tool must needs be used with care,
Or it may wound thee—so then use thy tongue.

As 'tis the fragrance of the flowers of morn
Which charms the sense—So words may also charm
The sweetest sounds may reach the listening ear,
Or bitterness of speech, which carries death,
As prompted by the motive power within.
The strings of instrument for music made,

Are silent till the bow is drawn across
Or vibrate by thy magic touch at will.
The leaves as trees are still as death till moved
By airy breeze, or undulating wind;
So is the tongue at rest, till moved by thee.
True, it may make most silly, stupid sounds
As silly inconsiderate thoughtless words,
Now it may tell of fancied woes or real,
And now of tales of mirth and happiness,
As sorrow prompts or joyous hope inspires,
(Source of success to know, his smiling hope)
Or like the tender note of cooing dove,
May tell of love or any pleasing theme,
Or mad as frenzied waves when lashed by winds,
Roll on to overwhelm in words which drown the soul.
All this is understood, what of it then,
Think rightly ere thou speak'st—Control thy
tongue.

Finchley.

JOHN BAY.

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